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Commonweal

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by Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts

A New Class Society?

by Michael P. Fogarty

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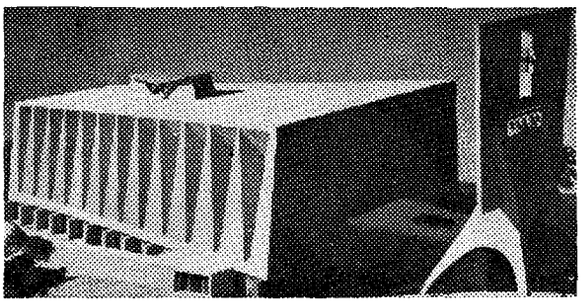

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

NIXON AND HIS CRITICS

WHAT EVALUATION can be put on Vice President Nixon's whirlwind visit to the U.S.S.R.? Aside from its significance in domestic politics on which point the commentators are in almost total agreement, what will be the result of Mr. Nixon's tour in terms of world peace and the reconciling of basic East-West disagreements?

The answer to this second question must be speculation, of course, and the conflicting analyses now being published offer little help in the effort to reach a reasonable judgment. For one thing, most of the commentary on the Vice President's trip seems clearly tainted at its source. Long-time supporters of Mr. Nixon, for instance, are hailing the Russian encounter of their hero as the glorious fulfillment of the "new" Richard Nixon, to whose attributes they now add the unique ability to talk the Communists' own language. If anybody can get through to the Russians, they say, it is the man who is not afraid to stand up to Premier Khrushchev's boasts and threats.

Somewhat less sanguine about the consequences of the Nixon-Khrushchev "and you're another" debates are some of our diplomatic personnel, those who have been engaged at Geneva and elsewhere in the tedious business of wrangling with Soviet representatives over the innumerable technicalities of international agreement. Their skepticism is defensible, but it seems animated by more than a little professional jealousy.

Then there is the almost bored response of Mr. Nixon's hopeful rivals to the Presidency. These gentlemen have volunteered very little on the subject of the Vice President's Russian trip, understandably, and when pressed have professed to believe that it is not a matter of great importance, although probably a good enough thing in its way.

Finally, Mr. Nixon's avowed political enemies have denounced his tactics—even his very presence—in the U.S.S.R. as one more example of his recklessness, irresponsibility and cynical exploitation of every opportunity to advance his own political fortunes. Not only were his aggressive replies to Premier Khrushchev and other Russian hecklers diplomatically useless, they say, but they were vulgar, degrading and apt to spark a disastrous international incident. As they see it, Mr. Nixon's only concern was with the publicity and prestige his trip would bring him.

WE OURSELVES have never been enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Nixon, but we believe that distaste for many of his past attitudes and actions should not prevent a balanced judgment of his most recent activity. Skepticism about the result of his tour in hard, specific terms is, we think, undeniably called for, especially in the light of the uncritical fanfare it has prompted in some quarters. In addition, the fact that Mr. Nixon is a hard-running Presidential aspirant and that "a visit with Khrushchev" seems to have become an indispensable qualification for nomination suggests a certain amount of domestic political expediency in the Vice President's exercise in international statesmanship.

We would concede these points, and all the demurrals expressed on the value of Mr. Nixon's trip: that relatively few Russians saw or heard him; that the Soviet press so edited his remarks that he seemed badly beaten in the exchanges with Mr. Khrushchev; that his stay in the U.S.S.R. produced no softening in official Communist references to the United States but rather signaled a more intensive barrage of anti-American propaganda; that his belligerent presentation of the American view seemed to have goaded Mr. Khrushchev into even

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more extreme positions; that the public displays he participated in have very little to do with the decision-making of the Communist leaders.

And yet, granting all these objections, making due allowances for partisan exaggerations and wishful thinking, we believe that the Nixon visit to Russia was unquestionably a good thing. However many Soviet citizens saw and heard the Vice President, some did, and this is an advance. However minimal the effect of his words on Mr. Khrushchev or anyone else who heard him, they had more effect than no words at all. And while it is true that handshakes and embraces, or even crowd-pleasing debates, will in themselves not settle any of the issues which divide the world into two fearful camps, it is important to recognize that any personal encounter tends to humanize and make more realistic both Russian and American conceptions of the other.

Mr. Nixon has no doubt brought to the Soviet Union a more accurate and appealing representation of U.S. attitudes and intentions than existed there before his trip. Likewise, well-informed as the Vice President was, his experiences in the U.S.S.R. have by his own report caused him to revise many of his ideas about that country and its people. We desire better understanding of the U.S. and its policies in the Soviet Union, and by the same token we should desire better understanding of the Soviet Union on our own part. This increased understanding is imperative even for a realistic evaluation of the issues which divide us, and it goes without saying that such knowledge is particularly important for the man who may be our next President.

The impending exchange of visits between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev must also be counted, to some extent, as a good result of Mr. Nixon's trip. The President has said that negotiations for these visits began before the Vice President left, but Mr. Nixon's experiences, as well as his reports and recommendations, unquestionably played a part in White House planning. Concerning the Eisenhower-Khrushchev visits themselves, we recognize the same limitations and even dangers, but like the Nixon journey, these exchanges, properly handled, can be expected to do more good than harm. If Mr. Nixon's visit did no more than prepare the way for the trips of the two heads of state, it would on this score alone be counted as a worthwhile and successful venture.

Thus the Vice President has helped reduce, to some indeterminate degree, the chasm which has divided the Russian and the American peoples. Ignorance is a peril in the modern world situation, as we have said in our approvals of U.S.-Soviet cultural exchanges, and anything which reduces it is to the advantage of us all.

In sum, we think Mr. Nixon has done very well. He has done very well for himself, as his critics point out, but he has also done very well for his country, and perhaps even for the world.

CONTINUED BOUNTY

WHY DO America's farmers year by year go on producing surpluses of major crops when vast stores of their produce of previous years lie idle? Why does the Department of Agriculture itself seek to curtail production by reducing acreages on the one hand, and at the same time engage in research and the spread of technical information that greatly increases productivity per acre? The over-all result is a constant increase in American production of food and fiber which annually outstrips the nation's increase in population.

One reason is that such things as new machinery, improved fertilizers and new strains of fiber, grains and livestock are introduced primarily to cut per unit costs. This seems inevitably to go hand in hand with much greater productivity. And there is no sign of its abating—quite the reverse, in fact.

The problem is not new, but it becomes increasingly acute as mounting costs of the support program affect other items in a greatly-strained Budget. If there is every indication that efficiency on the farm will continue to increase, while more and more acres are set aside to be utilized to meet the "population explosion" charted for future years, what are the American people to do with their unparalleled natural bounty?

It is true that there are today regions and localities in this country where people are ill fed, but the hope of putting the bulk of this human sustenance to good use lies chiefly in an expansion of the Administration's "Food for Peace" program. This will involve many difficulties in the way of overseas shipment and of distribution in countries where speculators are unchecked and communications are still primitive. Our authorities will also have to exercise great care to avoid the charge of "dumping" and not to disrupt the economies of other food-exporting nations. But with the population explosion already at hand in many of the underdeveloped lands, where living standards are actually declining, it is clear that possibilities of putting our excess fruits of the earth to good use deserve to be explored much more thoroughly.

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KERALA CRISIS

TO US in the West the prospects for India have often seemed precarious. The economic underpinning of this new political democracy was weak at the start, although its village program and Five Year plans have been slowly strengthening these foundations. Occasional statements and positions taken by Mr. Nehru and his associates in matters of foreign policy have caused Americans great puzzlement and concern, particularly when the Indian leaders seemed to be using different yardsticks for aggression, East and West. Yet all along we have been wishing India well, recognizing the obstacles to its setting up a strong military establishment, for which many people in India have little taste.

In recent months developments in Kerala have focused worldwide attention on the Indian sub-continent. Many had strong doubts that the domestically anti-Communist government of Mr. Nehru, beset by many internal economic and political difficulties and with an attitude which we consider to be "benevolent neutrality" toward Soviet and Chinese Communism, would take a determined stand.

Yet the Nehru Government has now intervened in Kerala as it is empowered to do by the Indian Constitution. The Central Government has ousted the Communist regime and taken over state functions on a temporary basis until new elections can be held. That there was ample justification for this brave action did not preclude the possibility that large protest demonstrations would follow. New Delhi's political stability and enduring strength are undergoing a severe test.

School policies were at the heart of the disturbances in Kerala, during which many were thrown into prison and a number killed or injured. This attempt at dictation by a regime with some thirty-five per cent of the popular vote in the last elections fell upon the Christian and Hindu private schools, which comprise a majority of the educational institutions in that state. This set off a wave of genuinely popular demonstrations and police repressions. When the regime recently called off the municipal elections previously scheduled for this month, popular fury would not be quieted. As disorder increased and constitutional action under the incumbent Kerala government no longer seemed possible, New Delhi stepped in under the procedures provided by Indian law.

Yet even here Mr. Nehru acted with a gentleness which is difficult for our give-and-take West to fathom. He sent his warmest personal greetings to the Kerala Communist leader and explained that he was forced to take this step by his dedication to a truly democratic regime in India. There is much in contemporary Indian political life beyond our comprehension, but we fervently wish that New Delhi will successfully ride out the present storm and that the long-beset people of Kerala will soon have the opportunity to give free expression to their sovereign wishes at the ballot box.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the practice of many magazines, The Commonweal is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be dated August 28; the normal weekly schedule will be resumed in September. Subscriptions will be automatically extended for four issues.

LOVE'S THE SWEETEST THING

NELSON ROCKEFELLER, the other candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, has for weeks been relegated to the back pages by the extraordinary doings in Russia of Vice President Nixon. And no doubt the Vice President's recent publicity has strongly advanced his campaign for the Republican nomination.

But while Mr. Nixon has been enhancing his political position by statesmanlike speeches in the U.S.S.R. and daring exchanges with Premier Khrushchev, Governor Rockefeller has with no effort on his part been cast in a romantic situation which is traditionally quite irresistible to the American heart. Young Steven Rockefeller, the Governor's son, is soon to marry Anne Marie Rasmussen, a Norwegian girl who was a maid in the Rockefeller home when Steven first met her, and all over the country—indeed all over the world—hearts are warming at the news. This is a storybook romance, one of the most basic and best loved fairy tales in every literature, and one especially cherished in American dream and folklore.

In the new politics of personality, what could have helped the Governor more? International stature and ideological debate are all very well for a candidate these days, but the American electorate may prove to be much more susceptible to glamour. Nobody knows this better than the (at the moment) front-running Mr. Nixon.

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VOICE FROM THE EARLY FIFTIES

IS IT possible to be a good Republican legislator properly concerned with keeping the national budget in balance and at the same time favor low-cost, federally-financed public housing? Senator Clark of Pennsylvania, Senator Sparkman of Alabama and a number of other Democrats in Congress apparently think so, as they cast about for a rejoinder to Mr. Eisenhower's veto of the Omnibus Housing Bill.

These Democrats have brought forward as evidence the voice of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, long regarded as "Mr. Republican" himself. In replaying before a subcommittee a speech Mr. Taft made in 1953 before the National Housing Conference a few weeks before his death, the Democrats had in mind, such phrases as the one about keeping up with the nation's population growth by providing "the low-income families decent housing for themselves and for their children." But Senator Bush of Connecticut seized upon another passage in the recording which underlines the importance of a balanced budget.

The important thing here, we think, is that Senator Taft, to his credit, advocated both and saw in that nothing inconsistent.

MONSIGNOR COADY

FROM THE TIME, twenty years ago, when he had to correct proofs of his *Masters of Their Own Destiny* from a New York hospital bed, Monsignor Moses Michael Coady of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, had to contend with severe and repeated bouts of ill health. He nonetheless would not let up in his determination to carry out his most vigorous and effective social apostolate. Only a year ago he traveled to Madison, Wisconsin, to give an address he found he was physically unable to deliver, before the Credit Union National Convention (we published large excerpts of the text in our issue of August 22, 1958).

Monsignor Coady, who died the other day at Antigonish at the age of seventy-seven, was large of frame, genial in manner and broad of vision. With Father Jimmie Tompkins, pioneer of the St. F. X. Movement and several other able colleagues, he came to have great faith in the possibilities of community regeneration among the hitherto uninstructed fishermen, farmers and miners they all encouraged to organize into various producer and consumer cooperatives in accordance with local need. He persuaded many to share the Movement's well demonstrated and authentic belief in the potentialities of the common man, if only the way were shown to him.

Widely known as an inspirational public speaker and as the philosopher of the Movement, Monsignor Coady served as Director of the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University of Antigonish for many years. Credit unions and other cooperatives organized to meet vital local needs have served as instruments of adult education of the most telling sort under his leadership. Credit union membership in the English-speaking provinces of Canada alone, for one example, total some two million people, thanks largely to St. F. X. efforts. In the Maritime Provinces, for another, over nine hundred families with little previous schooling and very limited means have themselves built their own modern homes which now cost them less than fifty dollars a month including amortization.

The key idea of this Movement, in which Monsignor Coady played such a leading part, is adult education through social action. Most frequently, giving ownership back to the people is the first step; opening out their horizons to the world of ideas and wider concerns is the second. The Antigonish program offers a dynamically democratic alternative both to state socialism in its various forms and to finance-dominated capitalism. It is hardly surprising, then, that in recent years Monsignor Coady saw, and often emphasized, its possibilities for the anti-colonial, underdeveloped areas of the world. He had in mind "Central and South America, Africa, Asia and our own North America," and the pertinence of the Antigonish experience for such communities as the countless villages of India at once suggests itself. The fact that the St. F. X. Movement was itself born under conditions of desperate poverty, and among primary producers, makes it particularly apropos.

Visitors from all over the world have been studying and observing at Antigonish. But what is needed to bring its well-tried techniques to the peoples of the world who would best respond to them is a large international center there and a foreign student program, both requiring substantial funds which are still to be obtained. Only then will Monsignor Coady's vision be fulfilled.

Few men have gone to their reward more gratefully beloved by such numbers of people of their own and other religious persuasions; few could be as certain as Monsignor Coady that their work will live long after them. May he rest in peace.

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Council for Survival

A demonstration of joint action on a world scale might provide reassurance and hope for a generation in mounting danger of panic

by ✠ THOMAS D. ROBERTS

POPE JOHN'S announcement of an Ecumenical Council has fanned new hopes for an end, or at least an amelioration, of the religious disunity which mars our world. The search for religious unity raises grave difficulties, however, so much so that it might well be more immediately fruitful to begin our conversations on grounds where unity already exists—most notable, the common interest of men in averting the nuclear holocaust. Perhaps a united effort in this direction by men of good will everywhere will enable us to break through the walls of parochial prejudice and cultural conditioning which work to separate us.

Consider this matter of cultural mind-conditioning. An orthodox Hindu baby learns from the beginning that the crime of crimes is to take any life. His father may even wear a piece of cloth over his mouth to secure him from the accidental swallowing of an insect, and obviously he will be a vegetarian.

But take the cannibal baby: his earliest memories will be concerned with the delicacy of palate to be formed by all nice people in the consumption of human flesh, with the killing of men accepted as the obvious preliminary to cooking them. This history of cannibalism reveals some such gentlemen quite as epicurean as the English clubman storming at the waiter for bringing him a leg instead of the breast.

The *minds* of these people are as much conditioned to attitudes as the Hindu stomach is conditioned to vegetables, the cannibal's to human flesh, the British stomach to animal flesh. Examples of such mind-conditioning are endless. Take the role of women. God only knows how many widows have burnt themselves alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands. If they might have been far worse roasted as survivors in the houses of their in-laws, that too would be because so many of our race have been conditioned to the idea that woman is made only for man. Or take fashion. Think of the millions of Chinese crippled from childhood by feet-binding. And the pains and mutilations in the name of Beauty which are accepted without question by the women of the enlightened West.

Best, perhaps, of all the examples of thought-conditioning is slavery. Less than a century ago America embarked on one of the bloodiest civil wars in history, chiefly on the issue of slavery, and historians rightly underline the economic causes of slavery. The advent of machinery had at least this good effect, that it was able to breach the minds of men conditioned by thousands of years of slavery. There was no longer any point in Christians quoting theologians to prove the intrinsic lawfulness of slavery when they learned their cotton fields would yield more with one machine than with many slaves.

NOW I venture to mention another aberration—as it seems to me—of the human mind, which future generations may find more shocking, more surprising than anything else in the sad history of human folly. I refer to the claims now made on behalf of "defense"—an Absolute threatening the very bulwarks of life set up by the Giver and Lord of Life.

Faced for the first time in history with the dilemma described as "Belsen or Hiroshima plus," men otherwise intelligent and good, instead of uniting all of their resources to find a rational solution, are tending to treat one another as knaves or fools. The "knaves" are those people alleged to be preparing us for Belsen—they cannot or will not see that death is vastly better than Communist tyranny. These "knaves" are also dangerous traitors, who must be, and are being, treated as such. The "fools" are those who insist on devoting

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the world's resources to a defense which may destroy all that we want to defend; which certainly gives Communists victory beyond their dreams—the reign of force enthroned within religion itself and now prepared to take its cue from Communism.

Thus we have a world in which about two-thirds of mankind lives in desperate poverty but which spends astronomical billions for "defense." The majority endorses or accepts this policy. A minority, still small but ever increasing, sees this policy as a competition in lunacy which Communism is bound to win—on its own chosen ground.

How solve this dilemma? Nobody can do more than give his own small push this way or that, but here is mine.

You will have read of the non-Catholic reaction to the recent invitation of Pope John XXIII to all men to seek unity together. Many say in effect: "We know already why we are not united. We know your price for unity, and we will not pay it." But Rome, Canterbury, Istanbul—even all the religions of California—are interested in *survival*. That we could discuss. We could discuss it on equal terms, either on a basis of pure reason or on a basis of religion common to all religions. The risk that some would see in talking to Catholics might be offset by a council that could crystallize some of our unused resources: the forces of Christian tradition (here Catholics might learn much from Quakers), the treasures of Eastern thought (treasures of which the full discovery in the West might save both East and West), the real facts about nuclear war as they are known by our scientists and soldiers. (I can see the scientists and soldiers talking much more frankly at the Vatican than at Washington or Westminster where they are paid.) Incidentally, scientists are just beginning to tell us of better and cheaper ways of killing all our enemies than by nuclear weapons.

For Catholics who might be outraged by a picture of Earl Russell, Commander Sir Steven Kinghall, Anglican bishops, Scottish moderators, and Mr. Billy Graham all sitting with the fathers of the Vatican council, let me say this: the moral issues raised are too urgent to wait for the years which the council may take to prepare. Even if a more informal curtain-raiser than a full-fledged council were held, these gentlemen could not be on the stage, but they could be in the auditorium. A universal council, for us Catholics, is a ball game where the players are all bishops. But a game may be the better for spectators shouting encouragement to this or that player, or even advice to the referee. And Pope John XXIII could well prove the dream referee of all time.

I HAVE spoken of such a pre-council as meeting on equal terms, including give and take. Bishops in a universal council are, in fact, liberated from many conditioning factors not only by the Holy Spirit but by being faced with many other bishops conditioned in widely different senses.

For instance, bishops under Uncle Sam live with much the same problem as Senator Kennedy's. If I may borrow the Bible's descriptions of our relations to God in terms of brides, Uncle Sam is required to show himself most courteous to the thousand fair ladies representing all religions; but he must stay a celibate. Marriage between State and any Church would sink the American ship.

John Bull, on the other hand, is married by law to the Church of England. Other religions are unattached ladies whose influence varies with their skill and John's moods. The French personification of State is, naturally, a lady. Marianne, like Uncle Sam, is puritanically celibate. Nothing shocks her like any suggestion of permanent union between Church and State.

Then, at the other extreme, there are bishops from Spain and Portugal who have been strongly influenced by the partition of the New World between Spain and Portugal by Pope Alexander VI nearly five hundred years ago. The kings of those countries saw in the Catholic Church the bride whose interests should be, as far as possible, identified with their own. His the bodies of his subjects, hers their souls, in the mind of such a king. The enlargement of the family by conquests in India gave to the Portuguese king all the rights and duties of royal protector of the Church. The king's rights went as far as nominations of the bishops, even to a veto (allowed in practice within living memory) on the election of a Pope, and he accepted papal demands in kind, both on his sword and on his purse. The relevance of such a tradition to the freedom of bishops in criticizing the motives and methods of war is all too clear.

It is perhaps less obvious that Uncle Sam, John Bull or Marianne can fasten on their Christian leaders today other chains as restrictive of freedom as the political chains of other days. That is too big a subject to develop here, but there is no doubt that a general council

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helps to emancipate all bishops in the measure of their needs; to subordinate all lesser loyalties to their true dignity as successors of Christ's apostles.

These, then, are some of the possible advantages in a "Council for Survival," whatever its relation to the council proper, perhaps as prelude to it, possibly as a focus for reports from many local assemblies.

CLEAR, specific guidance on problems of war is being sought by just those people who have toiled hardest to reach a decision. They do not seek—though some Catholics may—new infallible declarations. But they contrast the frequent detailed pronouncements about birth control, for instance, with teaching about war which is, in most seminaries, pitifully jejune and out-dated; with pronouncements by authority ambiguous certainly in effect if not in intent.

Respect for Christian authority is clearly suffering by neglect of a need so urgent as guidance in this matter of modern war. It is not reasonable to blame people for arguing issues on a basis of expediency as long as scientists, soldiers and politicians are vocal, religious leaders silent or futile. The common charge that the Church in many countries echoes the State "establishment" obviously may have truth in it.

A Council for Survival, a demonstration of joint action on a world scale, might inspire men of good will, stimulate the responsible thought essential to democracy, provide reassurance and hope for a generation in mounting danger of panic.

There *must* be discussion of the issues of survival and salvation raised by modern war, and such discussions inside national boundaries are liable to be inhibited by politics or vested interests—of which defense is now the greatest. Examination by the Council might reveal today's incomparably greater investment in war than ever was in slavery, or in the financial interests that, last century, lost the workers to Christianity. While millions of men go hungry, as we know, billions of money are consecrated to destruction. And whose money? If there is a God at all, all money is God's and He must call us to account for every penny.

In this same connection, it is obvious too that the Soviets bank on inflation through war expenditures in a free economy. They are interested in keeping out of the East billions that could remove the poverty and hatred where Communism breeds. A Council for Survival would strengthen the hands of all who see that.

Alternatives to war have already been tried out in many countries, but with little chance of impartial investigation owing to the obsession that the only form of resistance to evil is violence. Studies like Père Regamey's on Christian influence in Gandhi, contacts like the Abbé Pierre's with Vinoba Bhave might be taken seriously in the context of a Council for Survival.

But, you may say, what is the use of more talk? The question is out of order for a Christian. It is his business to prepare soil, to sow the seed of truth. The harvest is God's business.

Another but—there are, besides Protestants afraid of Catholics, not a few Catholics just as reluctant to talk to Protestants. True, even in high places. And it is all the more reason to strengthen the hands of the Pope who not only talks to everybody but, far better, listens.

Lastly, was not the Pope's invitation to seek *unity* together? A Council for Survival would start from unity already in being and would aim at further unity as fruit of reason and justice. So to seek is our task. God has told us that so to seek is to find Him.

A POEM FOR ELIZABETH

Spinning her net of space,
Weaving her robes she comes.
Called into time by love
The child in the dear ark rides
The dark sea to our shore.

Dawn: the reef and breakers.
Spilled from her foundered ark
The child on the drive of tide
In a tangle of weeds and slime
Is welcomed to her day.

Dear on the white sand cradled
In the easy morning light,
Rise with your sun and enter
The road that winds you inland
To our country's turns and trades:

There may you sing your burden
And the farms and towns you visit
Ring with your love and joy.
But if the fierce hand shrivels
The rose, and the taste of nothing

Shocks the questing tongue,
In the grief and traffic of noon
May the dark sea-pulse recall,
A seawind's touch invoke
Origin and end.

When with the night, alone,
You embark on the unwinding
Tide and the journey home,
May you bless your day and its mazes,
Our dear and sorry flesh,

Child of a good love born.

JOSEPH P. CLANCY.

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FABULOUS IS THE WORD

NOT LONG ago both N.B.C. and C.B.S announced programs to be entitled "The Fabulous Fifties." The programs of course will deal with the decade coming to a close in the next few months. Thinking back on the last ten years, I am inclined to believe that the word "fabulous" is not an exaggerated description.

We have faced many problems, most of which still seem insoluble. But these very problems would have been inconceivable in the thirties or forties. If we knew during the depression years, for instance, that in a quarter of a century most of our difficulties would stem from the fact that the nation would have not too little but too much, we would surely have thought of that future as "fabulous."

I do not mean to imply that poverty is no longer an American problem. As Michael Harrington showed in a recent issue of *Commentary,* the poor are still very much with us. But so is the affluent society that Professor Galbraith writes about. Anyone who has traveled around the country as much as I have must be impressed with the fact that most people have a great deal more than they ever had before and are fabulously prosperous compared to their parents at the same age.

All this prosperity came to fruition in the 1950's, the first full decade since the end of the war. Though we have talked about other things, I suppose that throughout the decade our affluence has probably shaped American thinking more than any other single factor. For we saw everything from the vantage point of a people well fed, well clothed, well housed and well supplied with hope for the future.

Certainly the affluence has colored our understanding of the Cold War. On the positive side, we may perhaps credit the fact that general prosperity made Americans stone deaf to the Communist propaganda which enthralled some less fortunate peoples.

We have talked a great deal about the Communists' belief that they have history by the tail and have spoken almost with envy of their fanatic devotion to the Soviet doctrines. Actually, though, our own belief in the possibilities of the American system, while neither fanatic nor doctrinal, is just as stable a factor in the Cold War. Americans really believe in that capitalism-cum-socialism which our economic system has become. When Mr. Khrushchev says that it is doomed, we have no ears.

This is a phenomenon of the 1950's. In the earlier decades, especially during the depression, it was hard to find anyone, outside the prosperous, who would say a good word for American capitalism. Today the doctrinaire socialists find it hard to get anyone on college campuses to speak against it. I do not believe that there is this silence on the campuses because professors and students are afraid to talk. The situation was glibly explained that way when it first became clear. But I think the explanations were based on thinking that was a hangover from the thirties. What was called "conformity" may really have been nothing more frightful than general satisfaction.

Now the state of being satisfied has its own perils. It can easily lead to indifference toward the fate of others and produce a lofty disregard for the problems of others. These have been the traditional vices of the rich. They may now be the dominant characteristics of our affluent society. For certainly it is difficult to get an affluent people interested in the plight of those who have no share in that affluence. I am not speaking particularly of the have-not nations on the international scene, but, rather, of the have-nots in our own society, the people who inherited the city housing that others contentedly left behind for the green suburbs, the new arrivals and ghettoized minority groups whose condition is all the more tragic because it must be borne in a society where the signs of prosperity are everywhere.

One can live, for instance, in New York and speak about one's love-hate remembrances of the lower East Side or the tenements of Brooklyn as if these places had disappeared from the face of the earth just before World War II. But they have not fallen into the sea. They are still there, in worse condition than they ever were—and there are people living in them. That is why we need constant proddings, like Michael Harrington's *Commentary* article and Dan Wakefield's *Island in the City.* We need to be reminded that everything is not as glowing as it often seems on the surface.

But appeals for economic justice will never be effective if they are couched in the old pre-affluence rhetoric. The difference now is that the acceptance of the system is now practically universal. (I use that free-floating word "system" rather than either capitalism or socialism, since what we have is a combination of both.) And while that acceptance continues to hold sway, neither the doctrinal defense of capitalism nor the doctrinal propagation of socialism will have appeal.

When the Governor of California recently told a visiting Russian that a socialistic project was not socialistic, everyone thought the Governor spoke well and gave a good account of himself and of the nation. That Governor understood the fabulous fifties.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Social patterns of the future
to be seen in Britain's Welfare State

A New Class Society?

by MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

TODAY Britain seems on the road to a classless society. First of all, we live more equally. The symbol of this is the domestic revolution: servants are out, consumer durables are in. The great leap was in 1951-5. In those four years sales of household machinery rose fifty per cent and sales of automobiles by no less than three hundred and fifty per cent. In the two years 1956-8 the proportion of British homes equipped with refrigerators rose by half, and between 1958 and the spring of 1959 refrigetrator sales doubled again; so did sales of washing machines.

Do-it-yourself has become a major industry. The up-to-date middle class Englishman no longer keeps a servant. Instead he has torn out his kitchen and rebuilt it according to the rules of work study, as well as more decoratively, for when man meets sink the Victorian age ends.

Our clothes are more equal. Those trim, enameled, rather improbable matrons who amaze the foreigner in America now ride in Cardiff buses too. Our food is more equal, also much better. Frozen foods in the last two or three years are everywhere, and overboiled cabbage and gummy gravy are on the way out. I can still take you to hotels in Cardiff where they cook by the rules of the dark ages of what Charles Dickens called "refreshmenting." But I do not think they are very prosperous now; they will have to reform or die.

Our homes are more equal. We have built three million since the second world war. They are often, it is true, dull and badly laid out, but they are sound, solid, and more and more put the minimum conditions for decent living within reach of all.

Above all, our incomes are more equal. Before the second world war a man on average wages could barely keep a family of three to five children, buying a bare minimum diet and paying the minimum for clothing, food, and rent. Today even the large family has a margin, and you see the difference in the way the children look. The pay of an Army general or top government official was sixteen or seventeen times that of an average wage-earner in 1938. Now it has come down to nine or ten times and looks like staying there. Over half of all adult male employees in Britain are now in occupational pension schemes, and the proportion is rising fast, especially among blue-collar workers. Also spreading fast are supplementary unemployment and sickness benefit plans.

Another leveling factor is that we are more mobile, less bound than we used to be by the past. Till recently most of us lived in rather narrow circles, being born and marrying and dying in one town or district or group of streets, two or three generations living together, doing much the same jobs, and bringing up the children to the same traditional way of life. But today these old tight communities are breaking up. Boys and girls are going to college, taking jobs their parents never aspired to, marrying and settling down away from home. The old communities themselves are being pulled apart as cities expand, draining people to new suburbs, and slums are torn down. And in the process a new, more open and varied, middle-class pattern of living is becoming standard for all classes and all parts of the country.

Equality of opportunity, too, is increasing still further. Since the Education Act of 1944, admission to the grammar—academic—type of high school has been as nearly by merit as imperfect selection techniques will allow. College grants are freely available. In the county where my own college is situated, Glamorgan, admission to a university entitles a student almost automatically to a county grant covering full fees and maintenance.

AND YET, despite all these developments, Britain is still and will remain a class society. That our incomes are more equal is largely an accident of war, and since 1949 differentials have frozen hard again. The Civil Service Clerical Association a few weeks ago ago turned down a request by some of its less well-off members for weekly rather than monthly pay because "we don't live in a classless society," and monthly pay is still a symbol of the sacred barrier between the office and the common man. The executive and the man on the assembly line may both wash up the dishes when they go home at night. But between the execu-

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tive's detached home and two acres in a select green belt suburb and the worker's council house there is a great gulf fixed; to live in a municipal house is still an inescapable badge of low status.

The executive's son and the laborer's son, if bright, may enter the same grammar school. But if they are not so bright the executive's son will be steered to a school that at least carries no stamp of social inferiority, whereas the laborer's will be banished to a secondary modern school over whose door is written, so the public persistently believes, "Abandon hope all ye that enter here."

And reflect on this personal experience: a little time ago, as our family grew in length and girth, my wife and I sold our small car and bought a big Humber. When new, the Humber is a rich man's car, and who is to know that we bought it second-hand? Since then we find that shop assistants carry our shopping to the car, and when my wife fetches me from the train, she is waved to the best place in the parking lot.

But what sort of class society are we? An unusual answer to this question has recently been offered in a satire, *The Rise of the Meritocracy,* by Michael Young. Many of the surviving inequalities of opportunity will, Mr. Young thinks, go within the next generation: and I am sure that he is right. But equal opportunity will mean not a classless society, he says, but a society where mandarins of vast and certified intelligence benevolently patronize the common herd. They will be competent, kindly, the philosopher kings of an Elton Mayo paradise, and their patronage will be utterly insufferable. They may well, Young thinks, be tempted to fiddle the market to give themselves the benefits of the Victorian way of life as well as of the brave new world. There will be servants again; what else, after all, are those incapable of work in automated plants to do?

Young's thesis is a difficult one to answer. You cannot dismiss his grim prophecy by saying "Why not let merit have its reward? What is the danger?" For he has not overplayed his hand; the dangers he talks about are unquestionably real. Richard Hoggart and many others have already commented on the cleavage that is growing between what Orwell would have called the proletarian and the party cultures, the one traditional, based on kinship and community, with the intellect creamed off, and the other based on ability and intellect cut off from their roots. Yet one cannot deny merit its price or turn back from equal opportunity, for merit does deserve its reward. A man has a property in his own ability, and there are very good reasons, in justice to the community as well as to the individual, why he should be encouraged to make the best of it and dispose of it for what it is fairly worth. The scholastic tradition is as solid on this as that of John Locke.

I think the way through lies in the formula that we use so often in talking of marriage, "equal but different." The equilibrium of every society depends in a sense on conflict. Everyone has many roles and is a member of many groups. In one he is a leader, in another a subordinate; in one an expert, in another a layman. In one he meets others as members of a different class, in another on a footing of equality. No doubt the man of high I.Q. will be leader in many of his activities, but no one is an expert in everything, and in any case ability does not consist only in I.Q. The problem is to organize countervailing inequality. It is to arrange these cross-cutting and intertwining relationships so that even the mighty in the land will be followers and dependents as well as leaders, and will in that way be made to remember that they and those who are less gifted share together in a common humanity.

There are many ties that can be used to cross-cut the categories of ability, job and education. An obvious one is kinship. British sociologists are worried today that we may have gone too far in breaking the ties between the generations. To put grandmothers in their place is one thing, but to leave them no place at all is quite another.

Religion is another cross-tie. In my own city of Cardiff I can see happening something very like Will Herberg's division of America into Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. The old identifications with a district or with a national or racial group, such as the Cardiff-Irish, are fading away. But identification as Church, Catholic, or Chapel is still very much alive, and in the case of Church and Catholic may if anything be growing stronger.

Politics, sport and gardening are other bridges. The executive may have his two acres and his cultivator, but in my street the man who drives the Co-op milk float has a cultivator too, and the neighbor who knows all about growing roses is not necessarily the one who gardens on an expense account. And common schooling may be more of a factor in future than up to now. Comprehensive schools versus schools segregated by ability have been a major political issue for several years now, and the question will continue to be debated. The comprehensive school has of course its internal division into streams based on ability, but in this kind of school a basic social unity is preserved.

"Equal but different" is a hard slogan to apply, admittedly, and we are only just beginning to see its problems. Leveling, on the other hand, is simple and understandable, even if disastrous. And so is meritocracy. Countervailing inequality takes much more working out. But first, in any case, one must see and understand the problem to which it is the answer. And in Britain we are still only in the first stages of trying to understand.

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THE LAST UNION

IN STOCKTON, California, a small office has been opened a couple of blocks off the local skid row which may well be, at this moment, the most important social, political and economic headquarters in America. From this carefully chosen tactical center the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is starting the first big effort to organize farm labor since the 1930's.

It is strikingly evident that the difference between farm and nonfarm conditions of employment is impossibly great in proportion to the dwindling difference between the character of farm business and town business, country life and city life. In California, the leading agricultural state, every year from 1947 to 1954 the spread between farm wages and nonfarm wages grew greater, and the trend has doubtless continued. In 1954 the average farm wage was $1.032 per hour and the nonfarm wage $2.03—99.8 cents less out-of-town, within a percentage point of only one-half. Meanwhile, farming, with spectacular speed and completeness, has been converting to "agribusiness," as the Bank of America calls it, integrated vertically and horizontally, and constantly less distinguished from any other business you can put your money in.

The National Agricultural Workers Union, A.F.L.-C.I.O. has kept working stubbornly among farm labor for decades, but with almost total lack of success. In the past, its President, H. L. Mitchell says, "we've gone after elephants with popguns." The new, life-size campaign is sponsored directly by the executive council of the entire A.F.L.-C.I.O., and its main lines were laid down at the famous conference on the beaches of San Juan, Puerto Rico. The drive depends also upon continued cooperative relations with the exterior Teamsters, whose present organization comes very close to farming. In an excellent report published in the San Francisco *News,* Denne Petitclerc records confident words of Norman Smith, the chief organizer, about the backing: "We've got a bank roll, and we're here to see the job done—no matter how long it takes." As for the Teamsters, "That's the only thing that worries me, that Hoffa and the old man [A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany] will get sniping at each other. . . ."

The unions face the hard problem of how to organize, and the equally hard problem of *whom* to organize. For a long time, the principal labor policy of both farmers and farm workers has been to eliminate farm labor. The "permanent" hired help, in the current line and stage of evolution, are a relatively small and decreasing body of men, in work and circumstances which almost defy labor union categories. The ingenuity of labor-saving farm machinery has gone past belief, and the capital invested in a "progressive" operation to get the machinery would raise the eyebrows of J. P. Morgan. "The average investment per wage earner in California agriculture now runs about $14,000, with wide variations ranging up to $50,000 per wage earner on some farms." An ever greater percentage of farm labor is made part-time, transient, and seasonal; and more of the work tends to be the same as in urban industry, and so, presumably, in the same union "jurisdictions" as the nonfarm machine and technical jobs.

On the 123,000 farms of California, the peak labor force is estimated at about 550,000 workers. "There are about 90,000 foreign contract workers and about 285,000 hired workers." The other 175,000 are accounted for by the owners and their families (on 73 per cent of the farms), part-owners (on 14 per cent), tenants (11 per cent), and managers (2 per cent), who are not normal union candidates. The 90,000 "foreign contract workers" are nearly all, but not all, the famous Mexican *braceros.* The type of men these *braceros* are, and the organization and law governing their migration this side of the border, reduce wonderfully some of the wild uncertainties of farming. Their great contribution, indeed, is a symptom of our agriculture's deep and dangerous problems in philosophy, education, and in labor development and relations; for there is no doubt at all that the "foreign contract" solution is a passing and intolerable one for the United States as well as for Mexico.

But the other 285,000 workers (without excluding, that is, those noted to be in "urban industrial" classifications) do not form a regular farm labor force, either. The casual, haphazard way they come into a passing labor pool, channel to actual jobs and evaporate away is a genuinely amazing thing in a day of such general over-scientific over-organization. Every harvest time the work crews are nearly all extemporized, desperately. No more than a third of the employees who finish one season expect to be available the next; less than one-sixth (according to a study of Santa Clara County published by the University of California in 1956) *want* to do any farm work again.

In optimistic theory, this problem of discovering genuine farm workers should bring the farm union and the farmers together. They both need men whose career, and choice of career, is farm work and farm life. The more expert the men are, and the steadier they are in habit and in place—even when their place must be a seasonal route—the greater the benefit to farmers and union and American agriculture. The rest of the economy might have to pay a little more money for farm products, but the price could still be right.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Novelists and poets are more knowledgeable than ever, but this is not enough

The Imagination at Bay

by THOMAS F. CURLEY

SOMEWHERE in Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One,* an Englishman on a visit to California comes across a pile of American little magazines. After glancing through several he turns to a friend and asks, "I say, what do these people want?"

That question could have been answered with less difficulty ten or twelve years ago than it could be today. It was then assumed, correctly I think, that those who wrote for and edited the little magazines did want something. In a recent article in *The Anchor Review* on the "Declining Fortune of the Literary Review," William Barrett stated that "Literary reviews are kept afloat only in the ebb or flow of a movement of some kind." Without a "movement," he goes on, the review becomes "a kind of academic miscellany."

How Mr. Barrett would characterize the magazines that have sprung up in the fifties I don't know, but it is instructive to compare Barrett's opinion with the prefatory note of the publishers to the first number of *New World Writing* (New American Library). We were told then that *N.W.W.* had ". . . no prejudiced link to any special school, group, cult or movement, academic, literary or political, in the field of criticism." And in the past two months I've read through thirteen numbers of *N.W.W.* and it seems to me the publishers meant what they said. One of the reasons is obvious: in order to appeal to a large, if not a mass, reading public, one must avoid the "parochialism" of the older little magazines. Conscious prejudice is not popular.

The editors of *discovery* (Pocket Books, Inc.) were more sanguine. John Aldridge and Vance Bourjailly meant to edit the magazine for its writers rather than its readers, "in the firm conviction that the role of literature in human history is to lead and not to follow." An admirable conviction even for 1953. However, some two and a half years later, in 1955, Mr. Bourjailly in a note to the sixth, and last, issue of *discovery* explained, "We had begun the publication as a literary magazine; it has turned out to be, instead, a sort of continuing anthology of new writing." That, of course, is what *N.W.W.* had always been. And if *The Anchor Review* has avoided this by no means dishonorable fate it is because it comes out irregularly (so far as I know only two have been published, the last in 1957) and is better described as a cultural than as a literary review. Only one work of fiction, an excerpt from *Lolita,* has been printed.

Of all the newer major reviews, the one that most nearly approaches the older notion of the little magazine is *Evergreen Review* (Grove Press). The San Francisco group—the Beat Generation—is not my particular concern here, save to state that the Beats are the predominant force in *Evergreen* and that, without doubt, they make up the only genuine literary movement in the United States today.

WITH THE possible exception of *The Anchor Review,* all of these publications depend upon predominantly American contributions. Even *N.W.W.* said, in its sixth number, "Although we take special pleasure in presenting writers and artists from other lands, we are fully aware that the center of gravity, the core, of each issue of *N.W.W.* must be the work of American writers."

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked." I quote this first line of *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg because I think that the poetry and prose which has been described so often as "bad writing" is the most interesting and significant being written, that it is also representative of the quality and predicament of the American imagination. We think of the Beats as eccentric young men at once too lazy and too restless to work regularly and raise a family. On the contrary, they are interesting because they are typical.

For instance, here are two statements, the first from Mr. Will Petersen's article in *Evergreen* on the Buddhist stone garden at Rycanyi, the second from Mr. Lee Anderson's explanation of his long poem, "The Floating World" in *N.W.W.*

(1) "It is admittedly useless and futile . . . to speak of sunyata, emptiness, voidness—for as soon as we abstract from the garden as *art,* we lose it. All verbalizations are self-limiting and block perception."

(2) "The hoped-for effect of the poem is that the search for an esthetic equivalence may counter-balance

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the impossibility of a philosophical resolution of the dilemma."

At first glance the statements are not similar. Mr. Petersen refers to the impotence of all speech to communicate the significance of the garden, whereas Mr. Anderson is hopeful that a certain kind of speech, poetry, will counterbalance the impotence of philosophy to resolve a dilemma. And yet both statements are clues to the condition of the contemporary imagination. Anderson speaks of a search for equivalence, not equivalence itself. And throughout the poem, the emphasis is on motion, process, not resolution of any sort. And Petersen, concerned with another art, argues that speech blocks perception because it involves *abstracting* from the garden as art.

Both statements reveal a distrust for a traditional use of speech—that of communicating perceptions. Anderson's emphasis on a "search" argues a despair of discovery. The predicament of the imagination is that it can no longer trust language to serve as introduction and guide to a common world; the quality of that imagination is both energetic and desperate.

IT IS IMPRECISE to complain that novelists and poets "do not know enough." Novelists and poets are more knowledgeable today than they ever were. It is true, however, that nobody knows enough for the very good reason that man has created a world which he can no longer talk about. We have created a world which we know of, but do not know. It is folly to think that such a development has not affected the imaginations of artists.

To read, therefore, as one does too often, that a poem or a novel does not "make sense" is even funnier than it is annoying. The modern, man-made world does not make sense; indeed, it was not made by sense but by what Mr. Santillana, in *N.W.W.*, calls the analytical type of mind which believes in unifying abstractions and not by the intuitive type which relies more on the "texture of experience." Nor is it to the point to object that such matters are too abstruse or too transitory for genuine art. "Art is eternal." The eternal questions, and answers, are eternally pertinent; but they must be put, and given, in time. Art is for man in time; he will not need it in eternity.

Living in a world which he cannot talk about, the writer has two major choices, the first of which is aptly explained by Louis Simpson in his introduction to "Poets of the Silent Generation," which appeared in a recent *N.W.W.* He writes: "Confidence in social and intellectual order must support any writing on a large scale; such confidence scarcely exists today, and the poet must attempt to re-order the world in a brief space. In this the poets are mirrors of the age." This is far from the optimism which was earlier voiced by the editors of *discovery*.

THE ALTERNATIVE to the poet's concentration on the short lyric is to accept this world in all its disorder, and its unspeakable order, and to attempt, however ridiculously and incompetently, to make sense out of it, communicable sense. I do not think *Howl* is great poetry but I think it attempts to do what any great poetry today must succeed in doing.

If the imagination is at bay and if, nevertheless, art remains necessary to man, as man, then those who are concerned, even if they have no ready solutions, can attempt to explain how it all came about. Ignorance of the past results in slavery to the future.

Traditionally, the artist makes, he does not create. I stress this distinction because the modern glorification of the artist as creator has much to do with his present impotence. In ancient and medieval thought, the idea, *eidos,* was the model according to whose lineaments the artist made his statue or wrote his story. Having produced the story or statue, the craftsman could judge it by comparing the product to the model in his mind's eye.

In a certain way the rise of modern thought seemed to advance the artist, or *homo faber,* to a pre-eminent position. If the senses are untrustworthy, man cannot know the world, save by putting nature to the test, the controlled experiment. Man is certain not of nature, but of what he makes. Man, as man, is *homo faber.*

But if we remind ourselves that the idea, the model of making, is an image derived from the senses and that what man was said to be sure of was not the reports of his senses but of the processes within himself, then, by hindsight, we can understand how it was that the triumph of *homo faber* was so short-lived. The trend of modern thought, whether we speak of a philosophy of nature or one of history, was away from a recognition or a belief that a *telos,* or purpose, exists in either nature or history and towards the supremacy of process itself. *Homo faber,* the poet and novelist particularly, whose primary and natural interest is in *what* he makes, was forced to turn his eye inward, to cultivate "introspection and the derangement of the senses."

In other words (and with sufficient bluntness, I hope) the artist began to express himself or his "personality." The irony in such a change was that the artist began to be interested in himself, his sensations and emotions, at about the same time the philosophers rather grandly subsumed man, and his personality, in the supra-human processes of nature and history.

WAS THERE anything left to express? Yes. Life. After a brilliant delineation of the defeat of *homo faber,* Miss Hannah Arendt, to whose writing I am indebted but who is not to blame for my inferences, concludes: "If modern egoism were the ruthless search for pleasure (called happiness) it pretends to be, it would not lack what in all truly hedonistic systems is

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an indispensable element of argumentation—a radical justification of suicide. This lack alone indicates that in fact we deal here with life philosophy in its most vulgar and least critical form. In the last resort, it is life itself which is the supreme standard to which everything else is referred. . . ."

But if life, in modern thought, is not the highest good, it may well be the *only* good. F. R. Leavis' comment in an article devoted to T. S. Eliot's stature as a critic will illustrate this point.

"What pressure, what need, we ask, explains this earnestness of intellectual subtlety devoted in so strenuous a play of trenching confusion, and inconsequence, *to absolving the artist from the need to have lived—the need to be a fully living individual wholly committed to life,* in whom the impulsion of the lived experience and the courage of responsibility towards it appear as the 'intensity of the artistic process.' " (My emphasis.)

This appears in an honest article, and the sentence above is sincerely meant. That's the trouble. What sort of rhetoric is it to suggest that Mr. Eliot ever sought to absolve anyone from the need to have lived? And what is this need to be a fully living individual wholly committed to life? The only commonly accepted description of life I can think of is that cycle, bounded by conception and death, which includes all the various and contrary actions and passions of man. If Dr. Leavis means something more or something other, he has a potential contribution that should be enlightening.

THE MODERN writer, then, encounters a two-fold confusion; within himself he finds, not a self, but a sea of sensations, emotions, concepts; in the external world, which is not nature but the product of man, he discovers a purposeless movement that magnifies and mocks his private world. It is no wonder that *N.W.W.* published a piece announcing and illustrating the "End of Story in the Novel." One cannot write stories without beginnings and endings.

In conclusion, one would like to possess the wit to suggest a Christian solution to the predicament. I know of none. It is not that "nobody believes any more," or that Christian belief is alien to our world; quite the contrary. It is the Christian imagination, not faith, that is in a quandary. The Christian has never been completely at home in the world but he has not, I think, ever lived in a world so indifferent to his language and liturgy. When the very notion of a human nature is held in doubt, it is rather difficult to communicate the fact and the meaning of the Incarnation.

Some months ago Father Walter Ong remarked on the inaptitude of the Catholic mind and imagination "for viewing the Incarnation and Redemption against the full background of cosmic history. . . ." I agree. I hope our vision and our language will improve.

THE SCREEN

"AND NUTTIN'S PLENTY FOR ME"

IN SPITE OF its short first run and the cool reception "Porgy and Bess" received from the music critics after its premiere in 1935, George Gershwin still believed in his folk opera. His faith in his work was justified by the 1941 revival which was a tremendous success and by the huzzahs the opera has received here and abroad since then. Unfortunately Mr. Gershwin, who died in 1937, did not live to enjoy the acclaim won by "Porgy and Bess," but no doubt he would have been gratified by its international triumphs.

I'm sure he would have been pleased now with the movie version in which his magnificent score comes through so well. Samuel Goldwyn has given his film a glittering production with Leon Shamroy's lovely Technicolor photography stretching across the wide Todd-AO screen, with Oliver Smith's handsome sets, with Andre Previn serving as musical director of the Gershwin score as well as conductor of the seventy-two piece orchestra heard on a six-track stereophonic sound system, and with a first-rate Negro cast some of whom serve as actors and some as singers whose fine voices were dubbed in for the solos and duets.

But for all its glitter and perfection, "Porgy and Bess" is weakest in the heart department where, because of its stirring folk tale, it should excel. Perhaps the picture is overblown and trying too hard; or perhaps it is proving again that good operas do not necessarily make good movies. For all its beauty, the Catfish Row set is too confining; and too often the actors simply stand around to sing. What we hear is good; the fact that the voices are dubbed does not detract from the effectiveness of the lovely "Summertime" and "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" or the lively "Oh, I Got Plenty o 'Nuttin'." Except in a few scenes like the picnic, the hurricane and the crap game, however, Otto Preminger's direction is peculiarly static.

This is by no means the fault of the cast. Sidney Poitier is excellent as the big-hearted, strong-armed, crippled Porgy whose generosity and love for Bess are not enough to hold this weak-willed woman. In the other title role, Dorothy Dandridge is sleek and stunning to look at, but hardly the Bess that DuBose Heyward (author of the original novel and the opera's liberetto) had in mind. Brock Peters is effectively powerful and brutal as Crown; and Pearl Bailey, who does her own singing in the movie, is properly solid and bossy as Maria. Outstanding in the cast (which also includes Diahann Carroll, Ruth Attaway, Leslie Scott) is Sammy Davis, Jr., who also does his own singing ("It Ain't Necessarily So" and others) and

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gives a perfect portrayal of evil as the gracefully slinky Sportin' Life.

It is indeed likely that Producer Goldwyn and Scriptwriter N. Richard Nash approached the Heyward libretto and the whole opera with too much reverence. But what the film does not slight are the good lyrics by Ira Gershwin and DuBose Heyward and the haunting music by George Gershwin.

IT IS HARD to believe that Otto Preminger, who directed "Porgy and Bess" (with all its possibilities for action) as such a static movie, also directed "Anatomy of a Murder" (which is mostly talk) as such a lively and engrossing film. More than half of the picture takes place in a court where an army lieutenant is being tried for murdering the man who allegedly raped the lieutenant's wife. The verbal fencing is fascinating; and it was a stroke of genius on the part of Otto Preminger, who gave the film its first-rate production with fine photography of the Michigan locales, to cast lawyer Joseph N. Welch as the presiding judge. As his calm, collected, brainy humane self, Welch steals scene after scene from the professional actors around him.

And good actors they are: Ben Gazzara as the surly, mean-spirited lieutenant who actually committed the murder and pleads "irresistible impulse"; Lee Remick as his wife, whose explicit story of rape is under suspicion; James Stewart as the defense attorney who puts himself through mental torture in deciding whether to take the case and then swings into relentless action once he does; Brooks West as the prosecutor who is sure of himself and the case; George C. Scott who gives a performance that is both chilling and electrifying as a State Attorney who aids the prosecution. And there are many others in perfectly played smaller roles: Arthur O'Connell as Stewart's hard-drinking assistant; Eve Arden as the defense attorney's efficient secretary; and Kathryn Grant as a mystery witness whose role was changed considerably from Robert Traver's original novel on which Wendell Mayes based his script.

This script, no doubt at Producer Preminger's insistance, is considerably over-written, too long, and, at times, outspoken in a way that American movies have not previously been. In a rape case, of course, the details which must be established are by no means pleasant. Although the movie is to be commended for its attempts at realism, it is doubtful whether the extensive courtroom bickering and testimony was necessary to gain the desired effect. The question is: does the film in its frankness strive for realism or sensationalism? As a film, "Anatomy of a Murder" is well made, but for all its cinematic effectiveness, it must be classed as slick yellow journalism.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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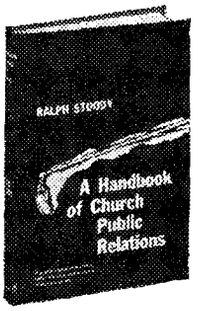

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THE STAGE

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

UNASSAILABLE and serene, secure in their peaceful kingdom where the lion will lie down with the lamb because, after all, you've got to be taught to hate, the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein exhibit a singular character among the usual shills and barkers of the musical theater. Unlike artists of inferior talent or superior power, they have never been troubled as to the meaning of meaning. To them, Mr. MacLeish's dictum that a poem should not etc., etc., would seem highly dubious, and as for all that jazz about a globed fruit, palpable and mute—well, the rhyme is good. Nor have they succumbed to the new obsession with energy, sold their birthright for a mess of impersonal sensation. Rather, they have continued to celebrate, in a series of gently spurious fables, and with invincible assumption of authority, the unexceptionable theory that wholesome is as wholesome does. It is a demonstration that has involved them with brothels and with Bangkok, with seaweed and with Seabees, but never doubt it: when Rodgers and Hammerstein arrive, the word goes out that virtue is *in*.

Or perhaps not virtue (for large and roguish winks are part of this game): perhaps piety, or a universal togetherness: in any event, some solvent and embracing moralism to which attendance of the spirit may be as enthusiastic as attendance of the body—at the box office—usually is. It is all there in "Flower Drum Song" (*at the St. James*), the latest, and some would say the least, of the Rodgers-Hammerstein canon. I thought it myself often winning, raffish and unregenerate—on at least one occasion—in a manner one had imagined their latter-day blandness to have swamped. It is also contrived most cleverly—diabolically, one might say, if the conjunction of diabolism and amiability seems not so incongruous—out of just those elements which have seen an early serviceable duty: an Oriental ambience (but a Chinatown not *too* ambient); cultural crisis of east and west values, the old and the new; romance the fulcrum, sex the lever; patter songs of old folks at home; hymns to virility, odes to femininity, and at the end—*everybody back to his corner.* With something of the Vice-President's panicky good will at Moscow, the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein are *for* "the free exchange of ideas," but the precise content of those ideas is a shade nebulous. Indeed, they often seem to suggest that exchange is really a very good thing so long as no one actually hands anything over.

Entertainment is not, to be sure, the field of exhortation: agreed: yet the lamentable aspect of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical theater is that it is constantly nudging one into a sententious moralism, subtly soliciting our favor for some egalitarian and ostensibly humane principle. In "Flower Drum Song," these ritual pieties range from the spectacle of the "humble" Chinese waif, murmuring helplessly about a hundred million miracles as she beats her bongo drums, to the brassy narcissism of her Western counterpart, gloating over her hips and lips and sexual blue chips. The one is merely pathetic, the other obscurely obscene, yet I do not doubt the musical gentlemen thought them both to embody values from which no dissent would be possible. The paradox of such valiant service

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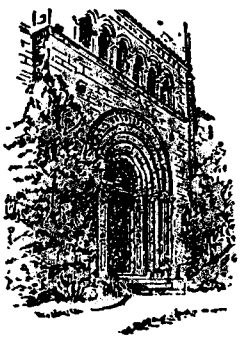

Prospective students should make early application

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to The Good Life is the ironic fact that "Flower Drum Song" comes into its own best being only when it draws for subject on the raucous netherworld of burlesque—an interlude of splendid insolence and invention, and immediately accessible, tapping as it does a vein of ancient, bawdy, truly "popular" value anterior to the meliorisms of democratic sentiment.

This production of "Flower Drum Song" has animation and charm and, most notable among its players, the contagious exuberance of the young dancer Mr. Patrick Adiarte. It must cede precedence, however, to what I am persuaded will be the Rodgers and Hammerstein *chef d'oeuvre*—the musical "Hamlet"—a scenario for which some students of culture and myself prepared one night in a mood of wanton glee. It would open on the battlements of Elsinore, to the chill of dawn and a soldier's chorus of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." Enter the Ghost, who assures Hamlet, "You'll Never Walk Alone." Meanwhile, back at the palace, Ophelia is joyously announcing "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," to which the King and Queen offer a jolly reprise of "Marriage-Type Love." Later that evening, Polonius does his dotty solo number—a show-stopper—"Happy Talk," while Hamlet broods darkly on his incapacity in "If I Loved You," and Gertrude and Claudius plot cosily for that moment "When the Children are Asleep."

We had just caught the scent of the thing—a dream-ballet, perhaps, on the motif of "Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt"—when it was time please, gentlemen, and they threw us out.

RICHARD HAYES.

BOOKS

The Wide-ranging, Free-swinging Criticism of Joyce

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellman. Viking. $5.

By THOMAS E. CASSIDY

THIS IS an important book. Mr. Mason and Mr. Ellman have brought together, in one volume, James Joyce's critical writings, many of the pieces being here published for the first time. The selections, arranged chronologically, begin when Joyce was fourteen; they end when he was fifty-five. Joyce never referred to himself as a critic, and rarely evaluated the work of his contemporaries, especially after his own artistic maturing. In fact, he had little to say of his literary ancestors.

The collection serves another purpose; it gives glimpses of the artist as an opinionated observer. With an artist like Joyce, these glimpses are certain to be sharp, frequently delightful, and often valuable. He also tosses bouquets and brickbats with sufficient variety to suit one's tastes. The editors are helpful here in pointing out the many times Joyce incorporated into his fiction a resounding judgment that he delivered as an essayist or lecturer. The heroic figures of the novels and stories quite often spoke first in the author's letters and columns, or from the author's platform.

Joyce's background of massive scholarship is familiar to his readers and especially to the increasing legions of Joyce scholars. Here we see him expressing judgments that are as solid as they are agile; sometimes they are amusing, since Joyce probably never could avoid playing with something close and serious to him. We are sure when he is laughing, even when the laughter resembles the hangman's chuckle.

Joyce's earliest serious critical effort concerned the drama. He was a great Ibsen enthusiast, and in his early days he was convinced of Ibsen's greatness, which he thought would tower over the dramatic giants of the past. "It may be questioned whether any man has held so firm an empire over the thinking world in modern times." In his later years, Joyce tempered his enthusiasm, and even did a clever verse parody of *Ghosts,* beginning:

> Dear quick, whose conscience buried deep
> The grim old grouser has been salving,
> Permit one spectre more to peep.
> I am the ghost of Captain Alving.

He gave several lectures in Italian at Trieste, where he spent some of the years after he left Dublin. One of them, here available for the first time, is called "Ireland, Island of Saints and Sages." It is a masterful presentation of the Irish cultural and spiritual influence on western European civilization, and here, Joyce, the scholar, merges with Joyce, the Irishman and Catholic. He is not only thorough, but also lyrical at times, and the lecture is truly a sweeping view of the Celtic Christian surge through the centuries. He traces the reasons for the claim that Ireland has always been the island of saints and sages, stating: "This exalted title was not invented yesterday or the day before. It goes back to the most ancient times, when the island was a true focus of sanctity and intellect, spreading throughout the continent a culture and a vitalizing energy."

At another point, while exploring the criss-crossing of influences, he extols Aquinas as the "keenest and most lucid mind known to human history." He also talks at length of the Irish political question through the ages, and in one prescient sentence says: "I find it rather naive to heap insults on England for her misdeeds in Ireland. A conqueror cannot be casual, and for so many centuries the Englishman has done in Ireland only what

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the Belgian is doing today in the Congo Free State, and what the Nipponese dwarf will do tomorrow in other lands." He remarks chattily that ". . . now Ireland (a country destined by God to be the everlasting caricature of the serious world) is an aristocratic country without an aristocracy . . . Poor fallen kings, recognizable even in their decline as impractical Irishmen. They have never thought of following the example of their English brothers in a similar plight who go to wonderful America to ask the hand of the daughter of some other king, even though he may be a Varnish King or a Sausage King."

Throughout this collection, there are frequent pieces on Irish oppression, unity, and home rule. He writes just as glowingly of these things as he does of the poetry of James Mangan. He examines with respectful reserve, the work of Meredith, and the glorified humanity of Blake. In a perceptive piece on Wilde, he touches on "the pulse of Wilde's art—sin." He further brings the Christian artistic task into focus, as he speaks of "the truth inherent in the soul of Catholicism: that man cannot reach the divine heart except through that sense of separation and loss called sin." He almost parenthetically sharpens a few phrases elsewhere about the Irish and himself: ". . . when the Irishman is found outside of Ireland in another environment, he often becomes a respected man. . . . no one who has any self-respect stays in Ireland, but flees afar as though from a country that has undergone the visitation of an angered Jove."

These are some of the more skillfully presented critiques. All the essays together do not form a whole definitive critical credo. They are bits and pieces—often big ones—on all sorts of things, rather a swinging door tour of a free-swinging mind. But they are Joyce on many things—orderly, at times conventional, dotted with the quick and the cutting remark, but generally rather sober, indeed, at times, severe. They are of broad interest, ranging from the critical and biographical to the historical.

A Central Problem

GOD IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By James Collins. Regnery. $6.50.

By DANIEL J. CALLAHAN

IT WAS, I believe, the distinguished mathematical logician, W. V. Quine, who once quipped that there are two sorts of people who go into philosophy: those who are interested in philosophy and those who are interested in the history of philosophy. James Collins, Professor of Philosophy at St. Louis University, is by now well-known for his historical studies of existentialism and modern European philosophy. What emerges most strikingly from *God in Modern Philosophy* is that Mr. Collins is, in his own right, a competent and illuminating philosopher and one exception at least to Quine's generalization. In this instance, he takes a central problem, that of God, and shows the philosophical value of a careful study of the history of the problem.

If there were nothing more in the book than the historical material it would still be of distinct value, for it is, as far as I know, the most detailed and complete attempt to survey the modern philosophies of God available. But it is even more than that, for Mr. Collins wants "to determine the main kinds of philosophical approaches taken to God during the modern period, with emphasis upon those historical tendencies which are still actively molding our contemporary conceptions of God."

He approaches the pre-Kantian period by distinguishing between the "functional" use of the concept of God by the rationalists and the attempt to "neutralize" the concept by the empiricists. In the former case, by such men as Descartes, Spinoza and Leibnitz, God is reduced to the role of serving the needs of a tight system and becomes "a major cog, but still a cog, in the over-all program of answering skepticism, incorporating the scientific spirit, and building a rational explanation of the real."

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With the empiricists an attempt was made to neutralize the concept of God so that "a philosophy based on experience can safely dispense with God or reduce his role to a minimum."

The central chapters on Kant and Hegel are among the best in the book as befits their central role in shaping decisively the subsequent course of philosophical speculation. The second half of the book is devoted to tracing the conflicts between the absolutism which grew out of Hegelian idealism and the naturalistic absolutism engendered as a violent response, and in attempting to unravel the paradox of the "rapid appearance of atheist, finitist, and personalist philosophies" of post-Hegelian thought.

The speculative implications of these diverse movements and developments are vital for the present-day philosopher. If nothing else, Mr. Collins establishes beyond any doubt that, despite the efforts of many philosophers to do away with the problem of God or minimize its importance, it remains "a central theme in most of the great modern philosophies." Equally important, the history of the problem is not just a history of errors, follies and mistakes. While there has not been progress by William James' standard of universal acceptance of any given view, there has been "achievement in terms of specific theories and methods put to the test." In this sense, we now have a better idea of the consequences of certain methods and points of departure and a healthy awareness of the kind and amount of work which must be done in the future.

Mr. Collins does not attempt to disguise his own viewpoint that a realistic theism which draws, for its basic insights, on St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Cardinal Newman is eminently suited to do this future work. At no place, however, does he tailor the historical data to support his systematic realism and he has the special gift of being able to communicate effectively to the reader the distinction between his historical conclusion and his philosophical conclusions. In a book of this sort no gift could be more valuable.

New Patterns

HEART'S NEEDLE. By W. D. Snodgrass. Knopf. $3.50.

By JANET FISCALINI

HEART'S NEEDLE is a book of poems which asks more of the reviewer than the usual bouquet of long-stemmed adjectives. The title poem, with its sustained power and originality, is particularly impressive. It is actually a sequence of ten poems addressed to the poet's three-year-old daughter, from whom he is separated by a divorce:

You break this year's first crust
of snow
off the runningboard to eat,
We manage, though for days
I crave sweets when you leave
and know
they rot my teeth. . . .

Those who think the matter too limited or too private will be uncomfortably surprised. One can say, briefly, that the pathos (it is the speaker's position, rather than the child's, which is pathetic) is controlled by a watchful honesty preventing any sentimental simplification. There is much that is grotesque in the poem, and the tone can be bitter, reflective, analytical, or resigned, as well as tender. The effect of the sequence is cumulative, but quotation may show the range of insight and tone, and the grace of the stanza:

with horns locked in tall
heather
two great Olympian Elk stand
bound,
fixed in their lasting hate
till hunger brings them both to
ground.
Whom equal weakness binds
together
none shall separate.

you lie asleep there on the
bed
and grate your jaw.
Assuredly your father's
crimes
are visited
on you. You visit me
sometimes.

Part of the variousness, the modulation of tone is made possible by the poet's easy control of contemporary idiom, of "natural speech." I cannot think of another poet who could have written this:

you said, I'm going to Pennsylvania!
and waved. And you've come
back.

If I loved you, they said, I'd
leave
and find my own affairs.
Well, once again this April,
we've
come around to the bears. . . .

It is true that many of the younger American poets have been turning to immediate and personal subjects. There has been an attempt to do without grand machinery, mythological or historical. The tendency may be seen as a considered retreat from the larger aspects of the contemporary situation, or as a natural reaction to earlier exaggerations. Pleasant things have come of this, but most of the writing drops into one of two old manners or styles, into old-roguish understatement, or into small-leaf-and-blossom decoration. The reappearance of the second manner has been more surprising. Who would have expected the blameless sentiment, the general odor of new-mown hay?

The significant thing about *Heart's Needle,* I believe, is that it breaks through both manners and discovers new meanings in the material itself. The manner is not imposed upon the material, but grows out of it. Let the ungrateful point out the few flaws; the poem has beauty and dramatic force.

"The Operation," with its mocking and evocative rhythms, is the most original single piece:

From stainless steel basins of
water
They brought warm clothes,
and they washed me,
From spun aluminum bowls,
cold Zephiran sponges. . . .

"Marsh," the second "Song," "Winter Bouquet," are brilliant and perfectly finished. "The Cardinal"

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and "The Campus on the Hill" are not so well balanced (the latter is embarrassingly Audenesque, in parts), but they show some striking attempts at social statement.

These imperfect pieces are more satisfactory than "April Inventory," a neatly mounted collection of irreproachable and irrelevant sentiments, which will delight those other collectors, the anthologists. It would seem unfair to quote the most unctuous passage of all, if it were not the concluding passage, if the poet were not so pleased with it.

> There is a gentleness survives
> That will outspeak and has
> its reasons.
> There is a loveliness exists,
> Preserves us, not for special-
> ists.

Happily, there is a something more survives in Mr. Snodgrass, preserves him. *Heart's Needle* is a first volume, and one looks forward to the next.

REVIEWERS

Thomas E. Cassidy is a member of the English Department at Southern Illinois University.

Daniel J. Callahan, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at Harvard.

Janet Fiscalini has contributed verse to *Accent* and the *Chicago Review*, as well as The Commonweal.

ART

Recent Sculpture, U.S.A.

IN CONTRAST to the exhibit of *New American Painting* at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the exhibit of *Recent Sculpture USA* at the same museum (soon to appear in four other major cities) is a sampling of a wide variety of esthetic attitudes and activity. "Recent Sculpture USA" is indeed the only grab-bag title that would conceivably hold this assembly of varied and even divergent voices together. Two strong impressions result: the vitality and eagerness with which sculpture is now being exploited in this country and (despite this, or perhaps because of it) that no single lodestar has proved sufficiently powerful to hold together an important group of first-rate talents in this field.

The last impression is the more remarkable because we have an American whose authoritative originality places him among the most important figures of the twentieth century "renaissance" in sculpture. One may not really believe that Alexander Calder's mobiles and stabiles can be favorably compared to the powerful plastic expressions of England's Henry Moore or to the exquisite poetic works of the Swiss Giacometti, but it is certain that the elegance, wit and linear beauty of Calder's creations in space earn him a position of great prominence in modern sculpture.

Two White Dots in the Air, a sheaf of flat painted kite and pointed leaf shapes hung in delicate balance, with two tiny white dots at one extreme, is the example of Calder. His genius is comparable to that of Miró in painting, which seems to depend to an overwhelming extent on a private inspiration, communicable but inimitable, with many admirers but no family.

At the opposite extreme from Calder's solitary eminence in the exhibit is a group of works by sculptors who seem to be exploring the various possibilities of odd materials arranged in terms of "accidental" metaphors. There is an exuberant fancifulness about these creations, but they fail to reveal that authority, those insights of genius, that turn a fancy into art.

Perhaps it is only a Picasso who can carry out these transformations. In *Art Since 1945* Sam Hunter says that "the American esthetic of the accidental descends in a direct line from the Surrealists' lucky find, and the appeal to chance"; fertile and successful as this esthetic has been in American art, our Surrealist inheritance seems to have suffered a sea-change into something rather in the nature of a stunt in these particular sculptural manifestations.

Perhaps the sculptors in the exhibit most nearly akin to Calder are the "abstract constructivists," but they are more deeply involved than he in the quality of their materials; their creations seem particularly to require the warning: Do Not Touch. Jose de Rivera is probably the best known of these, and his *Construction 56,* a shining swirl of metal revolving on a black base, is a typical work. In *Sculpture in the 20th Century,* A. C. Ritchie says that by de Rivera "space has been captured in a gossamer net" but goes on to say that in the constructivists generally "we miss a quality of passion . . . of

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I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

***Worship* treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.**

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. Though *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

— Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City–St. Joseph Register*

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From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-3, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y. 16, N.Y., for a free copy.

human involvement." This is certainly so, but the love of this particular group of sculptors for the materials they are working with gives them a discipline that produces works of real elegance.

The "quality of human involvement" is strong in the expressionists, of whom there is a great variety, from the scaley armored form by Lipton called *The Prophet* to the attenuated bronze *Boy in a Web* by Wines. This group is in fact so varied, not only in style but even in substance and esthetic inspiration, that it is only through the "quality of human involvement" that they have a relation. William King's *English Girl* (an eloquent, pictorial bronze head), Baskin's much admired *Laureate Standing* (a fat figure so lovingly and subtly carved out of cherrywood that beauty magically results) and Pineda's *Sleepwalker* (simple pathos in bronze) are among the most memorable. There seems to be a strong conviction and integrity in the forms that emerge from these American expressionists generally, and it is seldom that they fall into the fanciful mannerism that is the besetting sin of the expressionist.

(Recent Sculpture USA will be at the Museum of Modern Art in N.Y. until August 16. Then it will proceed to the Denver Art Museum from Oct 12 to Nov. 22; Los Angeles County Museum from Feb. 22 to April 3, 1960; City Art Museum of St. Louis from May 3 to June 12, 1960; and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, from Sept. 14 to Oct. 16, 1960. The works shown are for sale and a great many of them appear to have been bought already.) BETTY KAUFMAN.

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